

Posted by u/Akmedrah Xeno 3 hours ago

It's time for class

OC OC

Ulrik thought of the atrocities that he and the other members of the Legion of the Damned had enacted upon the Vendriq almost every day. For several years he had struggled with alcohol and drugs that were more akin to industrial cleaning agents as he tried to find something that would numb the cold rage and grief that had replaced most of his emotions.

It wasn't until one night, as he stumbled through the dark alley of a world that he had no memory of arriving on, that he came across three children. They seemed as if they were terrified. The looks of fear on the three alien faces sparked something in Ulrik. He had a brief flashback of his own children, Aria and Mikey, he wondered if anyone had helped them or at least tried to comfort them as Noble Light was destroyed, or if they had been obliterated by the initial blast.

At that moment Ulrik did the first thing since leaving the Vendriq homeworld that was not in an effort to get more booze or stimulants. Ulrik walked over to the three children, now that he was closer, he saw that they looked as if a raccoon and a rabbit had combined and evolved into these creatures. The three children cowered from him.

"It's all right, I'm not going to hurt you." Ulrik said in galactic common. "I just saw you looking scared and wanted to make sure that you are okay."

"We got separated from our mom." The one that looked the oldest said, fear still in his eyes as it explained this. "We arrived on a transport with our father, but he had to leave, so he gave us her address and paid for a hover to take us to her. The hover driver dumped us out here, laughing that our father was stupid. We have been here for several hours, just trying to hide and hope our mom finds us."

"Do you have the address still? The one that your father gave the hover driver?" Ulrik asked. The smallest one stepped forward and showed him a datachip. The address was there along with a note to the mother. Ulrik ignored the note and saw that the address was in the upper district of the city. Their parents were probably fairly well off, but not the smartest to trust the hover drivers in the lower rings.

"Well there is no contact info, but the address is there. Do you know how to read it?" Ulrik asked and all three shook their heads. Ulrik spent the next several minutes showing the three of them how to sound out the gal-com letters that spelled out the building that was on the datachip.

As the oldest one smiled up at Ulrik, the three of them gathered close to him as he had helped them. In the eyes of the children, he saw happiness and excitement at having learned something. He also could not help but smile, remembering when he had

helped his daughter read her first words. He was also shocked to realize that he did not hurt as he taught these children.

Ulrik spent the next couple hours walking the children to the building they needed to get to, where their mother waiting, she offered to reward him with whatever he wanted, but Ulrik smiled, and refused, saying that it was his honor and that he had learned a lot from her children.

The next two months were a blur. Ulrik knew what he wanted, and knew what he had to do. So the first thing that he did was work. He found a job, worked hard, and quickly earned the money he needed.

After a year of meeting those three children, Ulrik would be unrecognizable by anyone who knew him in his 'dark' times. In place of the scraggly-haired, dirty, drunk, there stood a clean-cut, professional. The world that he was on, was notorious throughout this quadrant of the galaxy. It had a reputation for being one of the lowest income worlds, with the single highest concentration of crime in the quadrant.

Ulrik had decided on this world for several reasons, but the one that stood out the most was, that there were only seven schools on the entire planet, and none of them taught anything past an eighth-grade level.

So Ulrik had found a city that had an abandoned school building, and reached out to the mayor, placing bribes where he needed, and filling out paperwork as it was called for. almost fourteen months to the day, Ulrik had his school. He had found seven people who were willing to be teachers. Ulrik had also laid the groundwork with the single school in the city for any students who wished to continue their education.

The morning of the first day Ulrik, awoke early, running through all the things that could go wrong before shaking his head and getting dressed. The arrival of the students went smoother than he expected. A large majority of the graduating class of the 'middle' school were here as well as another two hundred or so of previous other graduating classes. In total there were almost seven hundred students, of various races, and ranging in age from fourteen rotations to twenty-three rotations.

"Welcome everyone!" Ulrik said, bellowing out at a volume that shocked everyone in the large auditorium. "My name is Ulrik Hanes, I am the principal, as well as the teacher for most of the physical education classes. These are your teachers." Ulrik introduced each of the teachers.

The remainder of the day was introductory for the students on how they would do things. At the end of the day, they all gathered in the auditorium once more. "Now, I know that it has been a long day, with a lot of information thrown at you, but I wanted this to be the last thing you hear before you all go home."

The students perked up and paid attention. Ulrik spoke calmly and with a tone that demanded rapt attention. "As the principal, I am responsible for many things, but the two that I am most worried about, are the safety and well-being of you all, and if you all

are learning. To help make those easier, I have some rules, there are only three of them."

"First of all," Ulrik said after letting them mull that over for a moment, "I am well aware that many of you, and your parents and siblings, are involved with criminal organizations. I realize that it is a way of life on this planet and that it is the sole source of income for many families. I will not ask that you give this up if you do that is your decision, but I will demand that while you are on school grounds, or at a school event you will not perform illegal activities, or speak of what criminal organizations you are a part of. Understood?"

"Yes!" The student body chorused back.

"The third rule is that if you need something, food, school supplies, help with your homework, always feel free to reach out to me, and I will do what I can." Ulrik said and the students all seemed to brighten at this.

"The third rule is that you need to keep in mind that I am proud of you all for wanting to continue your education and being here. Never forget that! Now go home, get some sleep and I will see you all in class tomorrow!" Ulrik said and the students cheered, filing out of the auditorium.

The next two weeks went well with minor incidents, two students were punished for attempting to recruit for the gang that they were both in, but other than that everything was going smoothly. The third week started with a conundrum. The school was chained shut with gang markings from the gang that had tried to recruit in the school. The students looked crestfallen until Ulrik walked up, grabbed both handles of the doors, and cranked his arms back, shattering the chain.

Later that day as Ulrik was teaching a class on martial arts, as was apparently taught in the 'middle school' there large hulking creatures, walked into the gymnasium, led by one of the students that had been punished. The student pointed to Ulrik and the ones he was leading shoved past him and walked up to Ulrik.

"So you're the principal of this school." The first thug said. "We are here from the Jalg Gang, and we..."

He was cut off by Ulrik's voice. "If you are here to learn that is fine, adhere to the rules and you may attend, otherwise you need to leave."

"Get a load of this guy." The thug who had been interrupted said looking over his shoulder at the other two. He turned back to face Ulrik, who had told the students to stand behind him. "You don't get it old man, this school is our territory as of now, if we want to recruit here, or push product here, then that is what's going to happen."

"No, it is not." Ulrik said calmly. "I think I have entertained this long enough. Please leave before I help you leave."

"Ohh, you're going to help us leave?" The second thug said, cracking the knuckles on all twelve of his right-hand fingers. "Bring it on old man."

"Very well." Ulrik said, turning to his students. "Pay attention, it is time for class. Today we will be discussing dealing with multiple assailants."

The students shouted a warning, and Ulrik stepped to the side in a spinning motion that brought him around behind the first thug that had run up behind him. With a blow to the back of the head, Ulrik dropped him. "Regardless of race class, almost every species has a nerve cluster or some other kind of weak spot where ever their head connects to their body."

The second thug bellowed a few choice words at Ulrik before rushing in. Ulrik toyed with him as he continued his lesson to his students, before leveling the second thug with a right hook that sent him spinning like a ballerina.

"Screw this." The third thug said, and pulled a large handgun from under his shirt, leveling it at the students. "You move they.."

He never finished his sentence. The moment that Ulrik had seen the weapon, he had pulled a knife that was used for the training classes from his belt and coiled up like a twisted tree, before uncoiling faster than anyone could believe.

To the students, their principal became a blur before he came back into focus with his right hand extended. They saw the third thug from to the ground, a knife stuck all the way to the hilt in the wall behind him. "And remember class, that there are moments in life, when you have to do things that are unsavory, such as this, but if it to defend another, it is always worth it. Class dismissed."

After that day, other things happened, and on this lawless world, no one ever questioned Ulrik about it. He would teach every day, and fifty years later he opened a second school and turned managing the schools over to people who were much more qualified.

In those fifty years of teaching, Ulrik had felt himself healing, felt himself growing until it was only in moments of combat that he felt the rage and grief. He retired then, knowing that he still had many years of life.

If ever anyone arrives at any of the Hanes Educational Institutes intending to commit violence against the students or faculty, the students and faculty will simply smile and shake their heads in pity, because they know that in a few moments, an old man will show up and deal with the problems.